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The exit view of the party dress on the cover provides a point of departure for the Double-take fashion feature: page 141 onwards. The pink silk cutaway dress by Susan Small costs 9 gns. at Gertrude Carol, Knightsbridge; Tina Trent, Dorking; Doris Altman, Leicester. The hair-do is by Harold Leighton of Hampstead and Anthony Rawlinson took the picture. News too inside of the cabaret scene: see Faces through the smoke on page 134. Also a picture sequence by Ida Kar on our artists at the Venice Biennale, page 127 onwards

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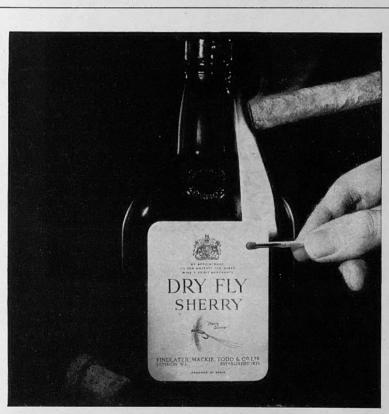
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#### **SOCIAL & SPORTING**

Royal Garden Parties: Buckingham Palace, 19, 24 July.

Prince Philip will attend a banquet, as President of the Highland Society in London, at Grosvenor House, 19 July.

The Queen & Prince Philip will attend the International Horse Show, White City, evening of 24 July.

City of London Festival: Young People's Ball, Finsbury Circus, tonight (Tickets, 30s., from Miss Julia Chatterton, MAN 2500.)

Peterborough Foxhound Show, to 19 July.

Summer Ball, in aid of funds for the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, Whateley Hall, Banbury, 20 July.

Country Sports Fair, Shotover Park, near Oxford (organized by the Old Berkeley, S. Oxfordshire & Whaddon Chase Hunts), 21 July.

Cobweb Ball, in aid of the Society, Abbeyfield Inner Temple, 21 July.

King's Week, Great Hall, King's School, Canterbury. 21-29 July.

Deauville Horse Show, to 24

International Horse Show, White City, 23-28 July.

Game Fair, Longleat, Wilts, 27, 28 July.

Graduation Ball, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs. (Details: Flt. Cadet D. Green, Senior Mess. Sleaford 441/2.) 31 July.

Goodwood Races, 31 July-3 August.

Norfolk Red Cross Ball, Westacre High House, nr. Swaffham, 3 August.

Summer Ball, Bryanston School, Dorset, in aid of Dorset Historic Churches Trust, 3 August.

Cowes Week, 3-11 August.

#### RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Alexandra Park, today; Lanark, Bath, Catterick Bridge, today & 19; Bogside, Ascot Heath, 20, 21; Wolverhampton, York, 21; Folkestone, Leicester, 23, 24; Alexandra Park, 24; Catterick Bridge, 25; Kempton Park, 25, 26 July.

#### POLO

Cowdray Park Gold Cup final, 22 July; Tidworth Tournament, to 22 July.

#### MOTOR RACING

R.A.C. British Grand Prix, Aintree, 21 July.

#### MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Napoli, Flower Festival at Genzano, Antigone, The Good Humoured Ladies, tonight & 21 July (end of ballet season): Le Lac Des Cygnes, 19 July; Les Patineurs, Giselle, 20 July, 7.30 p.m., Matinée, La Fille Mal Gardée, 2.15 p.m., 21 July. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. Week of operas by the Handel Opera Society: Radamisto, tonight & 20 July; Jephtha, 19 & 21 July. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)



Christie's on Friday. Prominent among the 185 paintings and drawings is a fine head of Augustus John himself. Opposite page: Primitive vigour demonstrated by Mazowsze dancers from Poland, who are at the Albert Hall until tomorrow, after which they make a provincial tour

Royal Festival Hall. London Festival Ballet, 8 p.m., matinées Saturdays and Bank Holiday, 5 p.m. to 8 September.

#### ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

2000 Years of Egyptian Art, Royal Academy, to 12 August. (See Galleries, page 151.)

Arthur Boyd, Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 29 July.

Alexander Calder sculpture, Tate Gallery, to 12 August.

Hogarth to Hoffnung, Royal Exchange, to 28 July.

Society of Graphic Artists, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 30 July.

#### OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park, Twelfth Vight; Polesden Lacey, The W nter's Tale, 19, 20, 21 July, 7.30 p.m., 21 July, 3 p.m. (Bookhar 241).

#### FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. Plays For England. 19 July.

Duke of York's Theat e. Fit To Print. 25 July.

Aldwych Theatre. A Penny For A Song. 1 August.

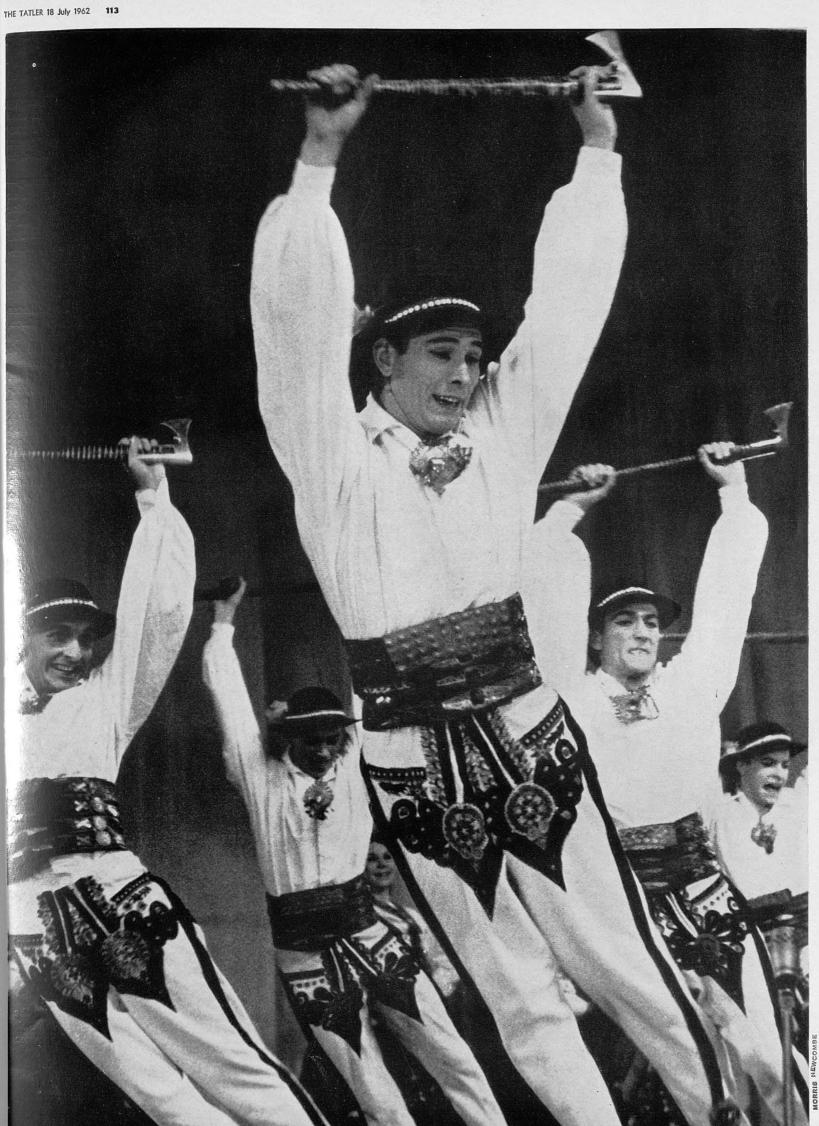
#### BRIGGS by Graham

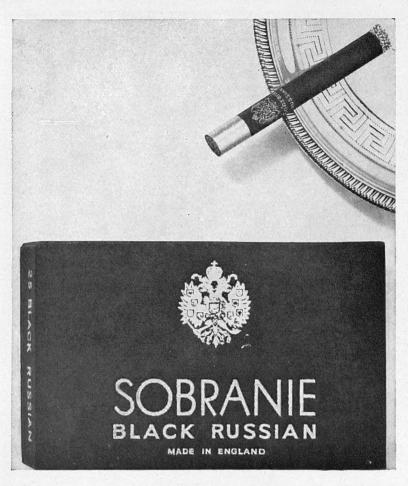












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#### In the château manner

C.S. = Closed SundaysW.B. = Wise to book a table

Chateaubriand, May Fair Hotel. (MAY 7777.) Do not go to this restaurant if you are in a hurry. This injunction is not a reflection on its service, which is swift, but an indication that it is a dignified, pleasant place for the careful choosing of a meal, its leisurely consumption with well-chosen wines, and amiable conversation. Fine meat is one of its specialities, but there are many others as well. Rather naturally it is not cheap, and you should reckon on about 35s. for your food without wine. Joseph Della, from the Colony, is now in charge, and the restaurant will, I am certain, reflect his personality. W.B.

Daquise Restaurant, 20 Thurloe Street, South Kensington. (KEN 6117.) How often one fails to notice something really good right under one's nose! I have known Daquise for quite a long time as a café with excellent Continental pastries and bread, without realizing that there is a small and pleasant restaurant downstairs. If you want first-class Polish cooking this is the place to go for it, and at most moderate prices. I had a meal of high quality for 12s. 6d. There is no licence, but the coffee, like the tea in the Russian style, is just as it should be. And the staff are friendly and efficient.

River pub rises

Waterside Hotel, Bray-on-Thames. (Maidenhead 691.) Right on the river, this was until recently a small pub. Now it has a spacious and attractive dining-room, a comfortable and pleasant bar, and French cooking of outstanding quality. Manager M. Maurice Atlan is French, so are his chefs and most of his staff. All this with an excellent wine list as well, makes a most amiable combination. The

restaurant is open seven days a week, with dancing and Hungarian music every evening save Sunday. Nothing is cooked until you order it—the right procedure with high quality cooking. Fruits de mer and veal dishes are among the many specialities. The fresh fruit, like the coffee and service, is first class.

The Waterside is not cheap—why should it be?—but 25s, to 30s. is not an excessive price for a meal of the quality that would delight your discerning friend over from France. W.B., especially at weekends.

#### Har Pin table

With more and more Chinese restaurants about the place. and a growing interest in Chinese cuisine, a guide to what the dishes are is welcome. Harp Lager have produced an attractive five-page pocketsize folder that gives just this information, from Har Pin, which are prawn crackers, to Chauo Fan, which is fried rice. It will also allay any fears you have about bird's nest soup, Your favourite Chinese restaurant should be able to give you a copy.

#### ... and a reminder

L'Escale, 15 Great News ort Street. (TEM 5587.) Next d or to, and associated with, the Black Angus; specializes in fish in comfortable surrounding:

La Dolce Vita, Frith St eet. (GER 3814.) A good place fyou like Italian food, with pl nty of song and music at night.

The Carving Room, St and Corner House. Carve for lourself and as much as you like. For the full meal the charge s 14s.; surroundings are modern and bright.

L'Hirondelle, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. (REG 7482.) That comparatively rare thing, a night restaurant with dancing and cabaret, that has as a whole first-class cooking.

Il Pappagallo Trattoria, 84 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 2401.) Italian, new, inexpensive and friendly.

The Reluctant Dragon.
3 Cromwell Road. (KNI 7258.) A
dining club devoted to high
quality Chinese cooking; several
experts consider it to be some of
the best in London

Casse-Croute, 82 Sloane Avenue, Chelsea (KEN 2457.) Small, specializing in fish at the bar; same ownership as the Cale Street establishment of the same name

Isola Bella, 15 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 3911.) As good as it was when I went there over 30 years ago

#### CABARET CALENDAR

Room at the Top (ILF 4455). Vera Day is singing the Ilford nightclub's series of individual cabaret spots

Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet play for dancing and amusement. Plus singer Susan Maughan and the South African National Dance company

Pigalle (REG 7756). Last two weeks of the Winifred Atwell Spectacular already extended for a month. Winifred tops a bill that includes a cast of more than 50 showgirls and dancers. Comedy magician Luxor Gali-Gali has the second featured spot.

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). Lisa Kirk, star of Broadway's Kiss Me Kate. She is backed by The Four Saints, dancers who can sing. At 10 o'clock, the regular floorshow Fantastico

Winston's Club (REG 5411). Fast and tuneful revue with Danny la Rue and Ronnie Corbett

Establishment (GER 8111). Political satire still draws blood and crowds. John Bird, John Fortune and Eleanor Bron

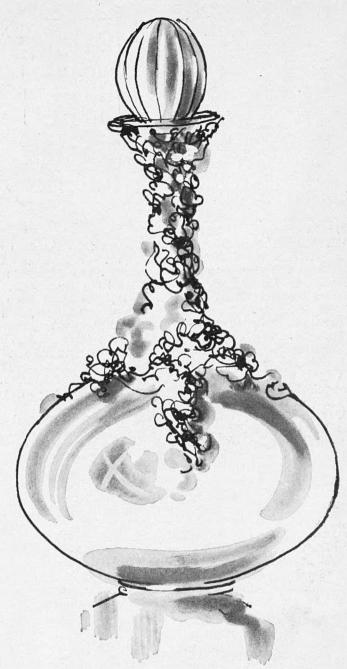


Pan Wan Ching from Hong Kong has her first Western cabaret date singing at the Hungaria. She has been in England just over two months, but has appeared in Hong Kong, Malaya and Ceylon and made records in China



#### The portrait and the painter

The painter is Annette Weld. She has been interested in painting since she was eight but has only worked seriously at it over the last two years, producing landscapes and murals as well as portraits. The portrait is of Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, the former Miss Tessa Milne, seen discussing the work with Miss Weld who likes to sit on the floor



## In New York it's the Hotel St. Regis

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Fifth Ave. at 55th St., New York.

THE BULK OF HOLIDAY TRAFFIC TO the Continent by car exceeds all records this year, on air. train and boat ferries; and it reaches its peak during the next six weeks. Bookings and plans for getting from A to B should have been made already (or heaven help you), but there is the vital question: where you celebrate your arrival, or drink a wake to your departure.

Calais, I admit, is not the port in which to spend time. But I'd linger long enough to visit Monsieur Maupin at the Meurice, a newish hotel but a traditional and famous restaurant with a well-deserved Michelin star. Terrine des foies de volailles, jambon au mersault . . . need I go on? The Gare Maritime is one of the best restaurants in Boulogne which simplifies matters considerably, but Havre repays more study. Here is Norman cuisine at its best, with probably as good a sole Normande or bonne femme as you'll find anywhere. The Monaco has a star, but the Grand Large is excellent as well. So is the Petit Auberge, small and cosy, in the Rue St. Adresse. Lyons, Avignon and Biarritz are termini for the train/car ferries from Paris and Boulogne. Lyons, of course, is in the heart of some of the most respected gastronomic pastures in all France. It has 10 single starred restaurants and four double, so a suggestion from me seems invidious. But should you be on your way



from there into the Alps via Chambéry, remember Restaurant des Elephants in the Hotel du Commerce. In Avignon, the local wine is Châteauneuf du Pape, which starts one off on the right foot. Good places there are Hiély in Rue des Frères and Lucullus in the Rue de la Republique. The Europa Hotel is starred.

Biarritz, the home of Basquaise cooking, is richly endowed. The Coq Hardi and the Café de Paris head a long list. One arrives in Ostend with a well-salted appetite, and in the evening the Périgord, belonging to the Casino, is a good place in which to assuage it. In the more modest ranges, the Bonne Auberge in Brabanstraat, and Meyus, in Christianstraat, are both good. Any dish with moules-of which the Belgians manage a myriad variations - is an almost unbeatable speciality, price

depending entirely on the ambience, not on the dish.

One car/train ferry takes you direct from Ostend to Milan. Giannino is justifiably one of the most famous restaurants, not only in Milan but in Europe, with huge glass cases of live trout, smoked hams and poetic-looking mayonnaises. Right in the city centre, in the galeria near the cathedral, is the equally renowned Savini. Basle and Geneva terminate two more car-and-air ferries (Channel Air Bridge). In Basle, I hear well of the Schutzenhaus and the St. Jakob. In Geneva, we are back with French cuisine, at its most renowned in the Gentilhomme (Hotel Richmond). The other leading restaurant there is the Béarn, but there are small ones by the score.

So much for the places at which you will arrive with your own car. I have referred before now to Lane's excellent scheme of fly-and-self-drive holidays. The inclusive price covers air fare and the nights of arrival and departure at a first-class hotel, plus of course the car itself. The centres from which the holidays are operable are Munich, Nice, Gibraltar, Rome and Athens.

One would be torn, in Munich, between the atmosphere of the Hofbrauhaus (which is certainly something to see once in a lifetime) and the good food to be had in the more conventional restaurants, of which I think Humplmayr is the most interesting. Among

the many places in which to eat in Rome, I'd head for the restaurants in Piazza Navona with their sublime sight of Bernini's fountains. Tre Scalini and Maestro Stefano are two of the nicest. In the evening, Meo Patacca, in Trastevere, is amusing in a musical comedy sort of way. Dining is outdoors on the Piazza. Whatever your onward plans from Gibraltar. a few hours' worth of duty-free shopping must obviously encompass at least one meal. The best food I remember there (for there are no great restaurants) is at the Queen's Hotel: a notable lobster Thermidor.

Nice has scores of good little restaurants and one or two special ones, but there are a couple of superior bistros near the flower market which are worthy of note. One is Adolf, the other Don Camillo. And if you simply want a snack, go to one of the cafés facing the Vieux Port and order a pancake, sizzled before you on a huge iron griddle, to accompany your aperitif. Lastlysince my limit has been the places in which you start or end a motoring holiday-Athens. Plunge straight into Athenian life in the charning little garden restaurant Kulamia, at the end of an arcace in Stadium St. It is not nore than three minutes' walk from any of the big hotels. Zona and Floca are the fashiona le. traditional cafés, good for a light lunch.

The sea front at Ostend





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# FESTIVAL CITY MAN



The Earl of Drogheda—seen with his wife at Parkside House, their home at Englefield Green—can contemplate recent events in the City with justifiable pride. Lord Drogheda, well known as chairman of Covent Garden, is also chairman of the Festival of the City of London with its successful procession of masques, concerts and recitals at Guildhall, Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange. Muriel Bowen talks to him overleaf. Barry Swaebe took the picture

# FESTIVAL IN THE CITY

#### MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS WITH PICTURES BY A. V. SWAEBE

FESTIVALS WHICH STARTED AFTER THE WAR as a solemn attempt to bring art to the masses have now become a fashionable carnival for the famous. The opening of the Festival of the City of London at the Mansion House was a sartorial event of some consequence. The Queen in palest blue lace with a sparkling tiara arrived to the greeting of Gog and Magog—two actors dressed as the traditional City giants-who called to the crowds: "Here comes our country's Queen, now hold yourselves, there must not be a scene." City buildings were floodlit and a flourish of trumpets broke the silence of the moonlit night.

Fashionable and beautiful women walked up the Mansion House stairs, lit by crystal chandeliers, and past a guard of pikemen—recorded by commercial TV—before taking their seats in the Egyptian Hall for an entertainment devised by Mr. John Betjeman. There was Lady John Hope in a billowing gown of apple green ribbed silk; Mrs. John Wyndham, dark and soignée in red; the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen in a full-skirted dress of turquoise wild silk; the Countess of Drogheda in white embroidered red satin with a vivid purple satin stole.

This sort of evening can get topheavy, but Mr. Betjeman made sure that it didn't. There was a twinkle in his eye when the chorus of the famous between-the-wars song, "On Mother Kelly's Doorstep," came on the screen. The Lord Mayor, Sir Frederick Hoare, and Lady Hoare started to sing:

"On Mother Kelly's doorstep, down Paradise Row, I sit along of Nelly, she sits along of Joe."

The Queen joined in and bit by bit the world of bowlers and pinstripes and rolled umbrellas relaxed as it had never done before. Joining in the fun were Mr. P. W. Milligan, chairman of Lloyd's, & Mrs. Milligan, the Earl & Countess of Cromer, Sir William & Lady Holford, Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Scott,

and Mr. Duncan & Lady Marjorie Stirling. Even Sir Hubert Pitman, who admitted that at school he was one of the people asked *not* to sing in the choir, joined in the singing.

The entertainment was mainly of drawings of the City projected on a large screen, with appropriate singing or commentary. Tommy Steele charmed the audience with his Cockney swagger and John Gielgud read from Pepys. But modern London, the London of stone and plate glass that has risen from the bombed sites, could, I felt, have been presented with much more impact.

Afterwards the Old Ballroom was soon filled with City men and their wives. Among them were Col. John Thomson, the new chairman of Barclay's, & Mrs. Thomson, Lord Ritchie of Dundee, Sir Colin & Lady Anderson, Sir Peter & Lady Hoare, and Mr. & Mrs. Louis Franck.

Anchor man of the Festival is the Earl of Drogheda, managing director of the Financial Times. He gave the real impetus to the artistic ideas of Ian Hunter and others, and it was he who rounded up the cash, £28,000 so far. "I've been very impressed by the response. Everybody we approached, except a few small stockbroking firms, responded magnificently."

The feeling that has been growing throughout the country, that unless one has a festival one is out of the stream of things, has gathered momentum in the City. The result has been a marvellous Festival in a unique setting which has given the impression that City men are, after all, a little more human than some of us suspected. Lord Droghedawho incidentally has been doing the round of the "fringe" entertainments with his Rover Pass-hopes it will continue. "Festivals raise artistic standards," he told me. "But we'll have to see the critical appraisal of this year's effort, also the financial outcome, before deciding the future."



CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson. Left: Sir Frederick & Lady Hoare, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London. Below: Sir Bernard & The Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen



Marinella Hoare and her sister Miss Mary Rose Hoare, daughters of the Lord Mayor Col. & Mrs. F. A. Sudbury. He is Master of the Watermen's Company



Alderman Sir Cullum & Lady Welch with Mrs. John Wyndham





# The French win at The Curragh



Lady Ursula and Major Stephen Vernon



Mr. and Mrs. Terence Gray

Racegoers from all over the world watched the French horse Tambourine II win Europe's richest race, The Irish Sweeps Derby



Right: Mrs. John Nugent and the Countess of Clanwilliam. Below: Lady Margaret van Cutsem and Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore



#### MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

At New College, Oxford, they spent about three thousand guineas on having one tremendous party. The music of half a dozen bands bounced off the old stone walls. At about six in the morning, weary but elated dancers made their way towards one or other of the many spur-of-the-moment car parks which had sprung up all over Oxford the night before. It was the College's Commemoration Ball which is given every three years.

There were squads of girls from London. It is easier to get them from Oxford, I was informed by rather droll young men, but it is smarter to ask girls from London for a Commem. Ball. It is an Oxford tradition. In fairness to the local girls, though, I must say that none of the London imports could do a twist with anything like the slickness of Miss Susan Russell-Jones of St. Hilda's, while Miss Sara Macpherson, a St. Andrews graduate in Oxford doing post-graduate work, did an eightsome with unrivalled zing.

Charming dictator of this frolic of 1,000 dancers was Mr. Christopher Battiscombe who is reading Greats, and who was more or less put in charge by the Steward of the Junior Common Room. "The choice is always a little undemocratic, but running a Commem. Ball is a very rewarding thing to do," Mr. Brattiscombe told me breezily. His quintet of helpers included: Mr. Louis Sherwood, Mr. Charles Dinwiddy and Mr. David Park, a medical student who showed admirable thoroughness for the way he managed the lighting. Nobody succeeded in doing any sabotage.

There were the debs and the beatniks—the girl in the bronze brocade sack that ended three inches above her knees and the purple shoes could scarcely have been anything else. But all in all the standard of dressing was very high indeed. I noticed in particular Miss Helen Beevor, Miss Maxine White, Miss Sally Cattell, and Miss Christine Davies.

The food and drink, always the most important feature of Commemoration Balls, was well looked after by Mr. Paul Clark who is reading Greats. He once persuaded local traders to send in free samples of 20 different kinds of champagne, and the resulting party is the only bright memory of a rather dull day last October.

One of the more important things at a Commemoration Ball is to keep it lively during eight to ten hours; and dreaming up amusing sideshows was the job of much-invited-out Mr. Christopher Makins, son of Sir Roger, who heads our Atomic Energy Authority, and Lady Makins. Christopher's chore was to provide the "In" touches, one of which was the floor entirely devoted to the twist.

The usual opinion that academics are less virile than other people could not be upheld at the New College Ball; their twisting was the most vigorous I have ever seen. Some colleges may lag behind, but whichever way you look at it New College is no square. Last year they did a shrewd bit of selling of some land. I left with the impression that some Oxford dons enjoy coping with the property moguls as much as others enjoy writing detective stories.

PS. A happy after-the-ball discovery: The champagne costs were down on those of the previous Commem. Ball.

#### CENTENARY CELEBRATION

The beauty and the chivalry of Britain's Army and Navy danced into the small hours at the Centenary Ball of the Naval and Military Club (the "In and Out") in Piccadilly. Pillars of the defence world gathered in the floodlit courtyard by the famous plane tree under which A. E. W. Mason was inspired to write The Four Feathers. Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Defence Minister, & Mrs. Watkinson, were there and also Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma who came on from his third party of the day with his daughter, Lady Brabourne.

About 500 people danced in the coffee room where Lord Palmerston once kept his horses, and there was flamenco dancing along the side of the supper room. Brigadier J. R. ("Hinch") Hinchcliffe, the chairman, looked well pleased with an evening that was extraordinarily gay by London club standards. The stiff upper lip of London clubland was conspicuously absent. Indeed in the midst of the general jollifications the goldfish were jostling for a sip of champagne. Happily, next day, they were none the worse for their participation in the celebrations.

The real explanation of there being so many young people is in the steps the Naval and Military have taken to encourage new members. Subscriptions are almost half for those under 30, and the basis of membership has been broadened. Many others besides serving officers are now eligible to join. All of CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Charles Mott-Radclyffe and Mr. Tom Outhwaite, captains of the rival teams

# The Law wins at Hurlingham



Mr. M. Oriel



Mr. Aidan Crawley



Mr. Geoffrey Johnson-Smith



The Law Society fielded the winning team when legal luminaries met the Lords and Commons in their annual match

Mr. J. Nelson-Jones, Mr. T. M. Sutton-Mattocks and Mr. C. Stanley-Goldsmith, all members of the Law Society's team

#### MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

this has meant fewer old faces and a pleasant change for the club's finances. There are nearly 1,000 women associate members with a floor of their own with drawing-rooms, bar and restaurant.

The number of women under the age of 30 though is far fewer than the number of younger men. It is probably the feeling that, "never the twain shall meet." Not only do women members enter the club by a different door, but that door is on a different street to the one used by their husbands and men friends!

But to get back to the ball. There were buffets abundantly stacked with cold salmon, cold meats and great bowls of strawberries. The champagne was on the house, which probably explains why the goldfish were so well looked after.

Rear Adm. Robert Sherbrooke, v.c., & Mrs. Sherbrooke were among those who had come to see the club set off at a good gallop for its second century. Admirals and generals (all looking very cleaned up) looked down from their gilt frames on an assembly which included: Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. B. Purves-Smith, Capt. & Mrs. D. G. Goodwin, Lt.-Cmdr. the Hon. Walter Keppel & Mrs. Keppel, Comdr. & Mrs. H. Lambton, and Capt. E. Asprey, who is chairman of the Guards' Club, & Mrs. Asprey. Still more were Mrs. R. S. Regan, Comdr. & Mrs. C. R. H. Stephen, Major & Mrs. A. J. H. Taylor, Brig. G. P. Hobbs, and Comdr. E. J. Webb, the In and Out's new secretary, & Mrs. Webb.

#### WOMEN'S WIMBLEDON

They said all along it was going to be a women's Wimbledon. But it was the men who shone, especially red-haired and poker-faced Rod Laver who received the men's trophy from the Queen. "Wimbledon has a special kind of draw on one," he said to me afterwards. "But if an offer to turn professional is very tempting I probably won't be back next year."

Mrs. Karen Susman, the ladies' champion, and her husband are typical American teenagers and typical probably of the type of young player we shall see more and more at Wimbledon. He's at business college, paying his way with his three-piece jazz band. Mrs. Susman finds that being married is a great help to her tennis. "Rod is always there with encouragement or to give me some practice," she told me. She looks for-

ward to having a family later on. Meanwhile she wants to get back to Wimbledon to defend her title. "I can't see anything but Rod getting a heart attack which would prevent me coming back," she says.

Though Mrs. Susman won, the darling of the crowd was Mrs. Vera Sukova with her solid, rough-hewn strokes and charming smile. What they didn't come across was her sense of humour. Asked if she beats her tennis-playing husband she retorted: "On the court, no. At home, maybe."

Dr. Richard Beeching (golf is really his game) & Mrs. Beeching watched from the Royal Box one day as did Mr. & Mrs. Frank Gentle, Mr. & Mrs. Basil Reay, Lady Caroline Duff, and Mr. & Mrs. L. A. Godfree. It was fun to meet so many former tennis stars. people like Mrs. Michael Menzies (formerly Kay Stammers) whose 18-year-old daughter Ginny is extremely pretty; Mr. Fred Perry who looks no older than today's champions; and Mrs. William du Pont who had lots of news. Her old friend and doubles partner Louise Brough has more or less given up competitive tennis since marrying a dentist and going to live in California. Maureen Connolly, who is also married, works for a sports goods firm in Arizona.

#### THE EVENING'S COLOUR

In the present state of confused political allegiances it wasn't surprising to find recent converts from both Liberalism and Toryism when the 300-strong Society of Labour Lawyers had their annual dinner at the Waldorf. In addition there was a brace of Tory women both, apparently, determined to "do as Rome does." Both wore red. Lady Pamela Berry who had come for the speeches—judging by her enjoyment of them-was in a marvellous dress of red brocade. Assessing the situation purely on the comments of the Labour Lawyers' ladies, she was a bigger hit than the speeches.

The Labour Lawyers do things well. Mr. P. R. Kimber spoke of his experiences of sailing his boat off the coast of Spain last year; and Mr. John Freeman, responding for the guests, said: "If you dine like this every day I and my fellow guests would wish to join you more often!"

Mr. Dingle Foot, Q.C., M.P., & Mrs. Foot, and Miss Jean Graham Hall, who between them were responsible for the arrangements, provided a very stimulating evening.

The Naval and Military Club the In and Out—celebrated its centenary year with a ball at the club in Piccadilly. Guests could stroll from the ballroom to sit in the shade of the famous inner lawn with its fountain and pool



Brig. J. W. Hinchcliffe, chairman of the Club

# 100 YEARS OF PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN THE IN AND OUT





Mrs. Brian Sanctuary and Mr. W. Brown



Mr. & Mrs. Ian Coward



Earl Mountbatten of Burma and his daughter, Lady Brabourne. Left: The fountain on the inner lawn of the club



Mr. Harold Watkinson, M.P., Minister of Defence, and Mrs. Watkinson

Lit alternately by floods and fireworks, the Oxford city wall provided a romantic backdrop for guests at the New College Commemoration Ball

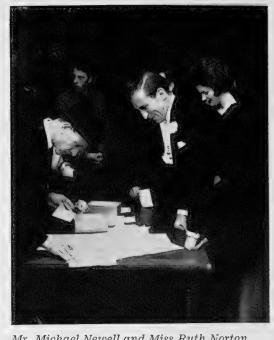
PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Miss Christine Davies and M. Bernard Giraud



Miss Susan Jones. Owner of the hand, Mr. Peter Udell



Mr. Michael Newell and Miss Ruth Norton



Miss S. M. Coyne and Mr. C. B. Cumming



Mr. J. A. C. Darbyshire and Miss Sally Cattell The midnight firework display





Cabaret performers hold a special place in the world of entertainment—to lull or annoy, to soothe or delight. And a special place demands special techniques and resources to catch and hold the attention of audiences well dined and wined. Recent months have seen the rise of the hard-hitting no-holds-barred cabaret act and the return of the blow-them-out-of-their-seats bombshells in the tradition of Merman and Raye. But still the sweet singers and the gentle entertainers retain a significant hold. Crispian Woodgate photographed some of the big names of the cabaret circuit in the stark white light of his studio. Their features could well come as a surprise to some. More usually they are just dimly-seen faces through the smoke

公公公公公公公 THE ICONOCLASTS

The newest development in London's cabaret scene is the establishment of The Establishment where nothing—but nothing—is sacred. The basic team is (from left) John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, John Bird. They appear most nights in a series of sketches and songs during which people go red, walk out, faint and applaud. Guests from the sick strata of American comedy visit, and earlier this year Lenny Bruce divided the audience into two—the hates and the raves. Deriving from the Edinburgh Festival revue Beyond the Fringe (now at the Fortune Theatre), some people think the Establishment goes too far but demolition of sacred cows is a basic function of cabaret



From top model to top cabaret singer, Maggy Sarragne is French but ever in demand in London. Elegant (her clothes come from the most fashionable couturiers) and versatile (she has played night club dates all over the world, from Las Vegas to Beirut), her first date in England was in the front line of the footlights at the Prince of Wales. After that, America, television, films and world tours. She has played at six top London clubs including the Savoy, the Society and the Dorchester, made four films and appeared at a Royal Command performance in Athens



#### ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆ THE TV GRADUATE

The first singer Independent Television made into a star was Marion Ryan. Once established, she lost no time in making the cabaret grade. Born in Leeds she went into a 15s. a week job selling stockings. Her first chance came when Ray Ellington asked her to sing with his quartet. Then came grooming and the sequence of one-night stands (the repertory course for pop stars) and then a solo spot on a TV show. Bob Hope invited her to star in one of his American shows for television. Records, tours and television appearances followed, and Marion Ryan made her debut in cabaret representing the new stars—those who got their chance through TV



English as Maggy Sarragne is French, Audrey Jeans (right) made her impact on London's cabaret circuit at the Hungaria earlier this year. Her background is that of the theatre. A splendid Principal Boy, she started in a dance troupe; high-kicking at the age of 16 in a Sid Field show. An Australian tour (with Arthur Askey) ended with a return to England and no work, whereupon she returned to her home town, Portsmouth, and served in a grocery shop. A London agent met her there and persuaded her to return to show business. Since then Audrey Jeans has appeared with Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny & 'ancock





#### ☆☆☆☆☆ THE QUIET CHARMERS

Left: A guitar with a calypso lilt is the brand image of Cy Grant, though his repertory ranges over folk songs and music of all countries. Born in British Guiana in 1919, he served in the R.A.F. and was a prisoner of war for two years. Later he studied law at the Middle Temple in London, but did not practice. For two years he was on the straight stage and began broadcasting in 1952. Appearances on B.B.C.'s television programme *Tonight* in 1958 and 1960 consolidated his position as an entertainer with a wider public. A poet and scriptwriter (he has written his own programmes for the Third), Cy Grant appears at his best in a late-night ambience



Singing for his supper on the Continent put Noel Harrison on the road to cabaret, and like Cy Grant he made an immediate impact on Tonight. Self-taught, he found a particular niche at the Blue Angel where he has appeared regularly for two years. Son of Rex Harrison, Noel, now 28, began his career with the Ipswich repertory and has appeared in recent films. British ski champion in 1953 he represented Britain in the 1956 Olympics at Cortina and once announced he wanted to be a racing motorist. The brisk excitement of the ski run is far from the smoky intimacy of the Blue Angel, but Noel Harrison captures applause in both



# A wet-bob goes to Lord's

IT WAS ONLY AFTER MUCH INNER CONFLICT. and many feelings of disloyalty to the holy wet-bob cause, that I went along to the second day of the Eton & Harrow match. In any year, after all, it is the epitome of dry-bobism, and purist oarsmen steer clear of it. Such is the inexplicable perversity of those who arrange such matters, the match coincided exactly with Henley (also, incidentally, with Wimbledon). In such circumstances, many would think it sacrilege to admit the existence of Lord's. It happened, however, that Henley looked depressing. Both the Eton Eights and those of all the Oxford colleges had already been defeated, and crews from overseas seemed certain to be victorious, as they were in every open event except the Double Sculls.

Besides, I'm not a purist. I played cricket most religiously (leg-breaks and cow-shots) until seduced by the river at 16, and I still find watching a match-or at least pretending to watch one—a very delightful way of doing absolutely nothing for most of an afternoon. I resolved, however, to flaunt my true allegiance by wearing a Leander tie, even though this might almost be comparable to a C.N.D. button at a meeting of Young Conservatives (which is what, come to think of it, the Eton & Harrow match is). So, pinkly resplendent, I taxied with Zermah to Lord's-Zermah being a young lady from one of the former American colonies, whose experience of cricket was thus far less than mine, though this was not the only attribute that made her a good companion.

It was in 1936, I realized, when Zermah was nowhere near born, that I had last lent my presence to this particular social occasion. My leave had been stopped in 1937 for most of the summer half due to the embarrassing discovery that I was the resident school bookmaker with something over 100 clients (several of them in Pop). By 1938 I was a fanatical wet-bob, and by 1939 I couldn't go to Lord's because I was rowing in the Eight. I suppose the Eton & Harrow match went on during the war-it would take far more, surely, than a world conflict to end it—but I had other business to attend to. In 1946 I was again rowing at Henley, and probably I have never been in London since then on the right July day with nothing better to do. It was therefore after an interval of a quarter of a century that I found myself once more at the great Grace gates.

The scene, as far as I'm aware, hadn't changed one iota, except that the boys themselves—the spectators, not the players—were sartorially less splendid. Their mothers were the same as ever, so were their sisters: the same number of dumpy ones were wearing cartwheel hats to emphasize their dumpiness; the same number of stunning ones were as stunning as ever-and as rare: the same complete indifference was shown to the game in progress. Perhaps fewer of the fathers, though they were still in the majority, remained faithful to morning dress, which must surely be the least suitable outfit under the sun for spending the afternoon in it; we wet-bobs order things better. Their sons, I was glad to notice, have moved with the times: in 1936, a very exact rig had been de rigueur-not only what we erroneously called "tails," but also (a) a top hat, (b) a coloured waistcoat, (c) a flamboyant button-hole and (d) a silvertopped black cane with a light blue tassel (or dark blue, as the case might be). Any more or any less was the mark of a bounder and cad. Happily the boys of 1962 were content (as I was) with a grey flannel suit.

Eton, when we arrived, were in a highly parlous state: having been forced to follow on with a deficit of 137, they had lost two wickets in their second innings while scoring 33. Explaining this to Zermah took a very

great deal of time, though she's really extremely bright: I don't know if there's any game in the world which is harder to explain than cricket-I mean, where do you begin? And what about little details like l.b.w.?—and it didn't help, I found, to make comparisons with baseball, of which I, it seemed, was almost equally ignorant. I fondly imagined that I'd made a little progress when Eton's third wicket fell at 94, but my hopes were rudely dashed when this dialogue ensued:

J. K. [excitedly]: He's out!

Z. [equally excitedly]: Who's out? The bowler?

So I started all over again.

By the time the basic principles had been reasonably well established, that well-known position had unfortunately been reached—as can only happen at cricket-in which about an hour's play was left and there was no conceivable possibility of achieving a result. Eton, thanks to a captain's innings by Faber, were 50 runs on with five wickets still to fall. "You mean-no matter what happens-neither side can win? Why don't they stop, then?" It was a very good question and I didn't know the answer. We were now justified, anyway, in giving all our attention (instead of just nine-tenths of it) to such matters as the Tavern, and strawberries & cream, and Lady X.'s ridiculous hat; and to a great many acquaintances.

Faber was run out within 5 of his century. Eton ended up with 262 for 7; this was 15 more than Harrow had scored in their first and only innings, so honours were more than even. Leander, meantime, as I learnt later that evening, had been winning two finals at Henleythe Double Sculls and the Diamonds. So it was something of a relief to read in Monday's The Times that it had been "one of the dullest day's racing on record." I had, I think, chosen right after all; apart from anything else. I'd learnt how to play baseball.

## SETTINGS FOR TRENDSETTERS

Victor Stiebel has a flat in Hyde Park Gardens. His living room has a dining area and circular dining table, and the windows look due south over the park. "I have to have the blinds down a good deal because the sun comes straight in." He doesn't dislike modern furniture, but has had most of his a long time and the flat has a period air. He thinks it is a mistake for anyone to get someone else in to "do up" their home. "If you get an interior decorator in and have the whole thing done for you, it isn't your own." The curtains over the two windows are red velvet, the sofas velvet and corduroy. There are Louis XV and Victorian chairs and the mirror over the fireplace is rococo. "I found it in a junk shop in Salzburg. I think it's one of the most beautiful rococo mirrors I've ever seen." Mr. Stiebel is

South African, came over here in 1924 to read architecture at Cambridge. "But I knew I was no good, I failed all my exams." He learned dress designing from scratch ("I had a very good training indeed, which has lasted me through my business life") and started his own couture house in 1932. He likes Victorian paintings, has one attributed to Etty, which many people say is a sketch for the one in the Tate



The autumn fashion collections open this week. Ilse Gray and photographer Sandra Lousada visited the homes of six of London's top designers to see how far and in what degree their flair for design and colour is reflected in their choice of things with which to live



Ronald Paterson and his wife faced a problem when they moved into their Cadogan Gardens flat five years ago. They had previously lived in a small mews house "where everything had to be miniature. When we moved here not one thing looked righteverything was so small. So we had to get bigger things." Much of the furniture they have now has been picked up at antique dealers' in various parts of the country, as Mr. Paterson travels around quite a bit. He is a Scot from Ayrshire and one of the youngest members of the Fashion House of London. He is a competent artist—one of his paintings hangs over the fireplace (picture below)—but paints mostly on the Mediterranean. "I always have a very long holiday in the early summer, the only time I can. This year we went to the South of France." He also plays the piano; anything from Chopin to Brubeck, but mainly the latter. The vases on either side of the fireplace are 1732 alabaster wine urns found in Norwich. The low marble coffee table between the two sofas was made for the Patersons, they found the dragons lying in a gutter. Among the plants in the jardinière (right) is an avocado pear grown from a stone. The Patersons have a twelve-year-old daughter away at school in Gstaad, their dachshund (left) is called Kiki







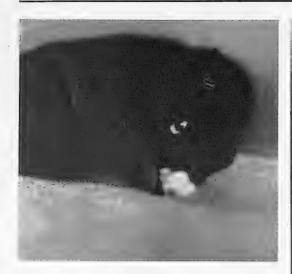




Hardy Amies says small houses should be crowded. "You never have enough space to make it look spacious, anyway. Period furniture carefully arranged looks terribly pompous." He lives in a Victorian terrace house in Eldon Road, W.8, and most of his furniture is French. The living-room in the ground floor (below right) looks out on to the street. The large painting over the sofa is by Carel Weight ("I am interested in modern paintings and I

think they break up the period stuffiness''). An archway from the living-room leads into a small book-lined study. The dining-room (above right) on the floor below was designed recently by Tom Parr. The two most striking things about it are the colours—blue, biscuit and black—and a huge mirror at one end with a Cartel clock fixed to it. Niches on either side of the chimney wall have shelves for china and ornaments, the French doors lead out to a patio

and garden. The walls of Mr. Amies' bedroom are covered in brown woven satin and hung with pictures. There is a large glass chandelier, and over a Napoleonic clock on the mantelpiece (above centre) is an oval mirror. Between the windows is a marble-topped table with two busts and an Empire clock (above left). Mr. Amies is looked after by an Italian couple and the household is completed by two dachshunds and (below left) Mrs. Mew











John Cavanagh moved into his mother's Victorian house in Pembridge Gardens recently and converted the first floor into a flat for himself. His parents had lived in the house since he was a small boy and when he had the walls opened up for new electrical wiring he found they were absolutely riddled with speaking tube paraphernalia. The living-room (above) is rectangular with three windows

across the whole front of the house. The light blue|grey sofa was made for the room. The chairs are Louis XV, and a pair of lamps on either side of the sofa are American and give diffused light. The china dish (top left) was a wedding present to his parents; "It has a curious sort of pearly colour and there's not a flaw in it. It comes from the west of Ireland, where I was born." Mr. Cavanagh has an

expert's eye for colour. He loves red and green together, or yellow and white. The living-room walls are a sort of pale brown: "It took me months to find the colour I wanted, and as I had no light in this room at the time, I had to gamble on the colour at night." The bedroom is in yellow and white with a pale green carpet. On either side of the bed on twin military chests stand (top) two Spanish figure lamps



Mr. & Mrs. Mattli's flat in Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, has marble everywhere. The circular dining table made for Mr. Mattli 20 years ago has a marble top; there are marble occasional tables and the coffee table is inlaid with pieces of different coloured marble too. At the dining end of the large high-ceilinged room, French windows lead out on to a tiered terrace—also laid with marble. "When I made

the terrace," Mr. Mattli said, "I ordered the marble from a firm who imports it. They asked whether £5 worth of marble pieces would be enough. One day a whole lorry load turned up. We just didn't know what to do with it all." Mrs. Mattli, who works with her husband, was a model in Paris and most of their furniture was brought over by her after the war. The lit de repos (above) is late 17th-century

Italian. It was her bed in her Paris flat. The twin mirrors are Venetian of the same period. The painting, together with several others, is by Annenkoff, a Russian refugee who before he fled from Russia portrayed most of the leading Communists. Curtains are brown and deep red shot taffeta, carved wood dining chairs are Spanish. Other chairs are Louis XV and Regency





Mr. Owen of Lachasse is in private life the Marquis MacSwiney of Mashanaglas. He was born and brought up in Ireland where he practised as a barrister, then became an industrial designer and later had his own fashion house in Dublin—the first there. When he came to England he brought some of his family heirlooms with him, "though I had to sell some of them when I started wandering." They include a Renaissance bureau and a chest of the same period with a splendid locking device, both in the living room. He and his wife live with their daughter and fiveyear-old son ("born on the day of a press show") in Regent's Park Road overlooking Primrose Hill. One of the Marquis's hobbies is model boatbuilding "starting with a block of wood, not various bits of plastic" and he is at the moment working on a scale model of Frank Olson's Blenheim. He has a fascinating collection of objects, pictures and ornaments, including a 3,000-year-old bull given to his mother by an archaeologist at Colchester. Over the fireplace (above) is a miniature in vellum in a 15th-century French frame and two Bavarian crib figures "which have always travelled with the family wherever I've been"



AT HEART, WE ARE ALL GAMESTERS. BUT games can be a bit of a bore what with keeping up courts, buying clubs and pressing flannels. Yet there are games which while providing full scope for our unsporting instincts, require neither apparatus nor stamina.

Beaver, that favourite of the 1920s, well deserves to be revived; particularly now that beards are once again on the increase. It is played by two people in any public place. When they see a man with a beard, the player who first shouts "Beaver!" wins a point; scoring as at lawn tennis. If you see a bald-headed man, you shout "Egg!" A bishop without an umbrella is also worth a point. A man with a red beard is a Red Beaver and carries two points. Bearded royalty is a Royal Beaver and also carries two points. A Red Beaver Riding a Green Bicycle is three points. A Royal Red Beaver is game. A Royal Red Beaver Riding a Green Bicycle is game and set. The sons of King George V are said to have tried to persuade their father to take exercise on a green bicycle so that they could achieve this. Sir Osbert Sitwell suggests that Beaver helped to do away with beards; the protest of his generation against the surviving Victorian patriarchs. If so, the original Beaver players might be accused of a certain lack of respect for their elders.

Nowadays, Beaver would be a protest against the bearded young. One might even get Lord Beaverbrook to become President of a revived Amateur Beaver Association. It seems far more sporting to shout "Beaver!" at a present-day beardie in the full vigour of angry youth than at a typical bearded figure of the 1920s, say, Havelock Ellis in his old age. One could bring the game up to date and score on such things as Teenager Not Wearing Winkle-Pickers; Model With Crooked Seams; Beatnik With Clean Neck. Now royalty is scarce. let alone bearded royalty, game and set might be awarded to the player who first sees President Kennedy With his Hair Brushed, or General de Gaulle Smiling, or Mr. Krushchev Wearing an Old Etonian Tie.

This would become rather like a

Scavenger Hunt, which is another good game though more energetic than Beaver. The players are sent out to get a certain number of objects, the procuring of which takes initiative and enterprise: a hair from the head of Mr. Kenneth Horne, a recording of Lord Altrincham singing "Land of Hope and Glory," a parking ticket awarded to Mr. Marples. A variation of the Scavenger Hunt is Button B, which, like Beaver, was popular in the 20s. Players go round London pressing Button B in the hope of getting pennies left by people in a hurry and whoever has the most at the end of a fixed time wins. Underground stations were among the most popular venues for the Button B player.

A game which gives you the pleasure of feeling what it's like to be a fox involves entering a building in which the public is not normally allowed. It could be the House of Lords, the Russian Embassy, the Bank of England or a club to which you do not belong. Having entered, you see how far you can penetrate. You will soon hear the music of hounds in the form of a porter calling: "I beg your pardon, Sir!" You pretend not to hear and hurry along passages and up staircases. The hounds get closer and "Sir! Sir!" gets louder; and you have all the thrill of the chase, though it doesn't do to run. If you manage to shake off your pursuer, you carry on until you have entered the Governor's Room, or touched the Woolsack. Then you beat a hasty but dignified retreat. If you're caught by the hounds, you say casually "I'm just looking for Mr. Carruthers" and when you're told that there's no Mr. Carruthers here, you apologize and retire; then it's your opponent's turn in another building. Whichever player manages to get farthest into the most inaccessible building wins.

Introductions, or who can introduce the larger number of people to the other, is a splendid way for two people to amuse themselves at a dull party. A girl once took me to a dance in the country many hundred miles from where I live; yet I beat her, after a long and hard-fought game. I admit I cheated half-way by getting myself introduced to a fresh lot of people while she was powdering her nose; but no doubt she, too, was gathering fresh ammunition upstairs. Any introduction counts, even if you've never met the person before; provided you know his name and he's polite enough to pretend that he knows you. If he's not the person you thought he was, or if he says "Don't know you from Adam," the point goes to your opponent. If you're out of earshot of your opponent you can cheat by going up to somebody and saying, "How are you, my dear Aga Khan?" and when the person says "The name's Smith" you call your opponent over and say: "Do let me introduce you to Mr. Smith ... forty-thirty."

A game which requires a target is Provoking. The target must be someone who is known to have a pet remark; the players try to turn the conversation in such a way that he or she will make it. Whichever player actually succeeds is the winner. A game of Provoking can often be very drawn out, requiring great subtlety and skill; a sort of verbal stalking. I remember once playing Provoking with a friend of mine who is quite the most brilliant conversationalist I know. Our target was a dear lady who always made a point of telling you that King William IV stood sponsor to one of her ancestors. Try as we did, she just wouldn't come out with it. Time and again my opponent and I steered the conversation round to christenings, godparents, babies, sailors, kings, the Reform Bill, Clarence House, the River Jordan, Mrs. Jordan, ancestors; but there was no response. Finally my friend started talking about King Billy (for we were in Ireland and Orange Day was near); and when our target still refused to rise, he said blatantly: "King Billy was William IV, wasn't he?" though he knew as well as anybody else that he was no such thing. Then, but only then, did the poor lady come up to scratch and my friend won the game. But I still think he didn't play fair.

By MARK BENCE-JONES

# HARDLY CRICKET











These coats are ready for immediate occupancy: sandwiched between summer's shantung and winter's tweed, the transition grey flannel. Left: beautiful spy trenchcoat with a militant air in charcoal. Bold brass buttoning and tie-as-you-please belt. Jaeger branches in early August. Coat,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  gns., matching skirt, 79s. 6d. Long sleeved polo sweater in forest green pure silk knit with continental length. By Bettina:  $19\frac{1}{2}$  gns., Morell of Curzon Street. Right: young campus coat in elephant grey with plenty of cutaway dash-the gleaming buttons, the important patch pockets. By Polly Peck: late August at Harrods, 15 gns. Sling-back caramel patent pumps with miniature heels, big bows. Bally Boutique, 5 gns.

Black and white theme for evening gives stark drama for the slender column evening dress. Left: Smooth ripple of nylon jersey with a beautifully contoured bodice and draped side panel that falls to ground level. By Atrima: 26 gns., at Marshall & Snelgrove. Wig by Harold Leighton. Right: grand entrance gown in creamy Sekers satin with bloused exit view, a large bow on the bodice and slim skirt slit to the knee. By Frank Usher: 17 gns., Derry & Toms. Crystal bib and pearl choker necklaces by Corocraft. Gold lame sandals, 8 gns.,

Bally Boutique, Kings Road.





OUT
OF
TOWN
STOCKISTS

p. 141: Rima short evening dress at McDonalds, Glasgow; Elizabeth Hinton, Brighton Jacques Heim Ready-to-Wear short evening dress at: J. Karter & Go. (Furs) Ltd., Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield

p. 142: In Fashion dress and cape at William Harvey Ltd., Guildford Peter Robinson, Sheffield

p. 143: Jane & Jane black cocktal dress at Ghanelle branches Nestie Vogues blact taffeta dress at M. Huntbach & Go, Ltd., Henley Stoke-on-Trents H. Truelove, Sheffield

p. 144: David
Gibson dress at
Marshall &
Snelgrove, York
Smith of Dundes
Kitty Gopeland
chiffon dress at
Rowntrees of
Scarborough;
Elliston & Gavel
Oxford

p. 145: Bettina polo-neck sweate parshall & Snelgrove, Sheffi de Eme, Glasgow Polly Peck grey flamel coat at Agnes Cole, Stratford-on-Av Rackhams, Birmingham

p. 145: Atrima in jersey evening dres at Kings Fashion Ltd., Glasgow; Anthonie Ltd., Cardiff Frank Usher sattevening dress at Kenneth Kemsle, Nottingham; Bon Ton, Leicester

p. 146: Strelitz suit at Rene Shaw, Sutton; Barbour of Dumfries Christian Dior white wool suit at Elizabeth Hinton, Brighton; Browns of Chester

p. 147: Koupy
cocktail dress at
Edna Lloyd Smith,
Hale; Henry
Burger, Leeds
Susan Small dress
and jacket at
W. Haslett,
Weybridge; Browns
of Chester





#### COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON/PHOTOGRAPH: PRISCILLA CONRAN

ALL THAT SHINES ON THIS PAGE ISN'T SILVER. THE heavy, solid look of the real thing can't be bettered if you can afford the money and time to keep a shine on it. (Hagerty's famed Silver Foam is now made in this country by Viners of Sheffield. Regular use of this frothy paste ensures a soft, gleaming finish.)

But the easy-care economical stainless steel is now so beautifully hand-forged and designed that it fits click into the pattern of modern living. Some of the oven-to-table ware in steel fits well with easy living—like the individual casserole in the picture that keeps food oven-hot (the same thing in pottery would cool off quicker).

Moonlit merchandise on this page: Silver bangle, all curves and good looks is a Ditzel

design at Georg Jensen: £64.

Lean satin chrome candlestick at Designs of Scandinavia: £2 10s.

Stainless steel handled egg cup and saucer by Amboss, imported by Finmar. Packed in pairs, Woollands: £3.

Oblong hollow-ware stainless steel tray by Amboss at Woollands: 2 gns.

Stainless steel sugar sifter is a silvery shell holding an oblong of wood with room for sugar inside, that flips into airtight place. Amboss, Woollands: £1 15s. (this good design comes in salt and pepper too).

Steak knives packed in the most desirable pack of all time—a tea chest box with made-to-measure space inside to hold each stainless steel knife. Hand forged, serrated edges by Amboss at Woollands: 3 gns. the six.

Casserole for one in stainless steel, horn trimmed, on its own wood stand by Amboss at Woollands: 3 gns.

Tall, towering Martini jug in solid silver from Designs of Scandinavia: £163 7s. 6d.

Silver teapot in curvy shape, straight handled at Georg Jensen: £85 (matching sugar bowl, not shown: £18 and milk jug, £26).

Silver cigar canister with concave lid at Designs of Scandinavia: £75 5s. Perched on top is one of the new splinter group designs in stainless steel cutlery by Amboss (this one won the Diplome d'Honneur at the Brussels Fair). 13 gns. per place setting.

THE CHANCES CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE (KEITH MICHELL, JOHN NEVILLE, ATHENE SEYLER, JOAN PLOWRIGHT, ROSEMARY HARRIS)

### Jacobean circus in Sussex

"OUR CONCRETE TENT" -THAT'S CHRISTOPHER Fry's metaphor for the new theatre at Chichester and, except that the theatre's seats are infinitely more comfortable than those at any show under the Big Top that I ever attended, I find the comparison beautifully apt. So apt, indeed, that Sir Laurence Olivier has been inspired to make his first production a sort of three-ring circus with which he proves that you can fool all of the people all of the time-even on a stage which is almost completely surrounded by them.

He has the glorious audacity to tell us that this circus is the Jacobean comedy. The Chances, by Beaumont and Fletcher (plus the second Duke of Buckingham) or just by Fletcher (with the Duke). In fact, thank heaven, it is a much funnier piece, a riotous farce by Laurence Olivier (with acknowledgements to Beaumont and Fletcher, or just Fletcher, and the Duke of Buckingham). No wonder, then, that a B.B.C. critic reported next morning that only one in 10 of the first-night audience could have understood what it was all about. Of course he was right, but who wants to understand a circus? It was enough for most of us that we could see a sensational Spanish equestrian act and Spanish dancing by those handsome Spaniards from the Waterloo Road, Don Keith Michell and Don John Neville, that there was plenty of acrobatics and mock fights, and that every time the action on the stage was in danger

of flagging such excellent clowns as Joan Plowright and Arthur Brough spilled over into the auditorium and tore up and down the gangways among us.

Still, I must admit that before the event I scoured half a dozen London libraries for a copy of The Chances and finally tracked down an edition of 1812 (which is, I believe, just four years later than the time when the play was last performed in public). It was so riddled with footnotes, references and glossaries as to be unreadable and it included a long synopsis of the original story by Cervantes, from which the plot was lifted, that only an electronic computer could have digested.

Why worry? I asked myself, the programme is sure to contain a concise summary of the story which I will be able to pass on to my readers. And so it did. I therefore give it to you in full:

"Two Spanish blades, Don John and Don Frederick, on a romantic journey in Italy, get into some trouble. L.O."

Evidently Sir Laurence, too, had the 1812 edition, and so I am obliged to give you the plot as I saw it:

Two young Spaniards (you can tell they are Spaniards because they look like matadors and are always talking bull) are in Naples (the 1812 edition says Bologna) where they meet a young woman called Constantia who gives one of them a baby and the other herself-to hide. They go home to their landlady whom they call "Mother" (but who is really Kathleen Harrison in a black wig) and leave the young woman to mime songs to a gramophone record (or the Jacobean equivalent) while they go out to look for another young woman called Constantia.

Meanwhile the father of the first Constantia's baby, the Duke of Ferrara (he's strayed a long way, Sir Laurence), is being attacked by the first Constantia's brother (who looks like Captain Hook strayed from Peter Pan but is, in fact, Petruchio, Governor of Naples) and his Falstaffian friend Antonio, who happens to be the second Constantia's patron (only you don't know this yet because the second Constantia, who is not a lady like the first Constantia, doesn't appear until the last two acts which the Duke of Buckingham wrote all on his own).

The Duke (of Ferrara, not Buckingham) is saved by Don Keith Michell who gets the Duke's hat as a reward and is thereupon mistaken for the Duke by the first Constantia, is temporarily changed (together with Don John Neville) into a centaur and. . . .

But from there the story begins to get really complicated so I will not confuse you with it. Instead, a few rounds of applause. First, for Sir Laurence whose choice of this piece was exactly right-at least for the opening night. And again for him because he treated the whole thing as entertainment and not as some venerated relic, and because he has grasped so quickly the technique of keeping the action alive on all fronts of the arena stage. Next, for Keith Michell whose natural exuberance was deliciously infectious and for John Neville who, without natural exuberance, nevertheless simulated a pretty convincing brand of it. For Joan Plowright (the second Constantia) whose arrival on any scene is always a fresh delight but was also, this time, a cause for regret because it came so late in the proceedings. For Malcolm Pride, each of whose costume designs is a gloriously colourful gem of satire upon the extravagant modes of the time.

And finally for all those, from Rosemary Harris (the first Constantia) and Athene Seyler (an old bawd) down to the last of the "singers, dancers, whores and citizens," who helped to put Chichester so happily, positively and permanently on the theatre critic's map.



Bernard Bresslaw and John Thaw provide light relief in Women, Beware Women at the Arts Theatre

MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION DIRECTOR HENRY KOSTER (JAMES STEWART, MAUREEN O'HARA, FABIAN, LAURI PETERS, JOHN McGIVER, MARIE WILSON) REPRIEVE DIRECTOR MILLARD KAUFMAN (BEN GAZZARA, STUART WHITMAN, RAY WALSTON, ROD STEIGER) THE GIRL ON THE ROAD DIRECTOR JACQUELINE AUDRY (AGATHE AEMS, BERNARD BLIER, ARLETTY, JEAN-CLAUDE BRIAL)

### Trials of togetherness

BORED SULLEN AS I FREQUENTLY AM BY THE currently fashionable two-to-three-hour film "that, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along," I was charmed the other day to hear on the radio a plaintive little number entitled Doesn't anybody make short movies any more? It was cheering to learn that I'm not the only one who feels that cinema-going may become as exhausting a pastime as pole-sitting. Three cheers for the song-writer, whoever he is.

Mind you, I don't suffer, as he seems to do, from cinema starvation (you might die of hunger if you didn't take a luncheon basket with you to the major epics, he claims), but I could collapse from sheer exasperation when I see a potentially good film ruined by the producer's determination to spin out for 115 minutes a story that could be twice as effectively told in 90. Mr. Hobbs Takes a Holiday is a case in point.

As Mr. Hobbs, Mr. James Stewart offers one of his most entertaining and endearing studies in quiet desperation. All this longsuffering city gent wants is to spend a quiet vacation alone with his wife, Miss Maureen O'Hara-but she, dear demented girl, is bent on making the holiday one big, heartthrobbing family reunion. Kind friends (obviously fiends at heart) have placed their beach-house-a macabre and decrepit mansion, straight out of Psycho—at her disposal.

Even she is momentarily daunted by its sinister aspect when she arrives with Mr. Stewart, their teenage daughter (Miss Lauri Peters) and surly, TV addicted 12-year-old son (Master Michael Burns), but, putting on a gallant smile she rapturously welcomes the two married daughters who turn up in due course accompanied by their respective husbands and three truculent offspring-and for Mr. Stewart the trials of "togetherness" begin.

It is he who must tote the family's luggage upstairs, cope with the temperamental pump on which the water-supply depends, coax Miss Peters out of a mood of depression induced by a brace on her teeth, tolerate the insufferable condescension of one son-in-law, the tetchiness of the other and the open antagonism of a small delinquent grandson.

As long as the film is briskly sending-up the joys of family life and everybody is at sixes and sevens, it is all pretty good fun—but come reconciliation and its attendant sweetness and light and the pace flags. It picks up again with the advent of a couple of impossible house-guests, Mr. John McGiver and Miss Marie Wilson, whom Mr. Stewart, for the sake of his elder daughter, is pledged to entertain: the bird-watching sequence he shares with Mr. McGiver and a bathroom scene involving skittish Miss Wilson are indisputably hilarious and I wouldn't have missed them for anything.

Mr. Nunnally Johnson, the scriptwriter, has provided some tart and witty dialogue and Mr. Henry Koster has directed with his accustomed skill—but I still feel that if somebody would get busy with the shears and cut 25 minutes out of *Mr. Hobbs*, this amiable domestic comedy would be vastly improved.

In Reprieve—which looks rather like a TV serial rejigged to make a (forgive me if I yawn) 102-minute film—Mr. Ben Gazzara plays John Resko, a real-life character, I am told, who was sentenced to death in 1930 for shooting a shopkeeper in a fit of anger

over the man's refusal to give him a teddybear for his baby daughter. This scene is so hammed up by Mr. Gazzara that it is quite ludicrous—but the next, in the death cell, is as chilling as anybody could wish and one is almost as relieved as Mr. Gazzara when, at the last moment before his execution, word comes that his sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment.

He is transferred from Sing Sing to Dannemora Prison—and how are things in Dannemora? Not too bad, it seems: at least there's no electric chair—and there is a humane Principal Keeper (sympathetically played by Mr. Stuart Whitman) who believes in the rehabilitation of the convicts through occupational therapy. Mr. Gazzara has, Mr. Whitman observes, a flair for drawing which he would do well to develop—but Mr. Whitman has no time for the prison art class: he is too engrossed in plans for escape—which twice land him in solitary confinement.

The years roll by and Mr. Gazzara, resigned to his fate, takes up art seriously in the hope that he may be able to earn money for the support of his daughter. An art expert pronounces him a genius, his work is bought by galleries and museums and in 1949 he is released on parole as a man now capable of taking his place in the world. Waiting for him at the prison gate (wouldn't you know it?) is his daughter

with the baby grandchild he might never have seen.

The film drips unctuous sentimentality and the pseudo-psychiatric jargon loosely bandied about is hard to take. Mr. Ray Walston gives a somewhat unnerving performance as a small eccentric con, and among the guest stars who pop in, speak their little piece and vanish again, you will spot Messrs. Sammy Davis, Jr., Rod Steiger, Broderick Crawford and Vincent Price—in case you are interested.

Mlle. Jacqueline Audry's **The Girls On The Road** tells how a charming young person, Mlle. Agathe Aems, hitch-hikes from a rainy Belgian seaside resort to the sunny French Riviera. She is helped on her way by a business man, a boxer, an aged baron, a van driver and goodness knows how many other would-be seducers, arrives at Le Lavandou with her virtue miraculously intact, marries a brush salesman and lives happily ever after.

Mlle. Aems is beautifully cast as the heroine of this little fairy story—her eyes are innocent, her figure that of a delectable nymphet, and her resistance high. Among the pursuant gentlemen are Messrs. Francois Perier, Pierre Brasseur, Daniel Gelin, Noel-Noel, Robert Hossein and Bernard Blier. They succeed in conveying the impression that every man is a Humbert Humbert at heart.

("with only a deep sigh to express the fullness of his heart, the king buried his face in the softness of her breasts"). Little remains but to salute Miss Cartland's utter fearlessness which clearly increases as the formidable list of her Other Books grows longer, and with such stunning speed.

Lives of the Wits by Hesketh Pearson is a collection of pleasant, light, potted biographies, none of them, I think, throwing any sharp light on the puzzling qualities that make one man wittier than his fellows, or explaining what sort of difference wit makes in a man's life and reputation, or distinguishing one manner and fashion of wit from another. None of this perhaps matters very much, since Mr. Hesketh Pearson is beguiling, charming, and the most pleasant company, and anyway is a man I will always cheer for because of his excellent passion for Sheridan, surely one of the most adorable men who ever lived. who was always able to borrow terrific sums of money at a second's notice simply because he had more charm than anyone else alive. The book is light and written in high good humour, but in the last analysis it is perhaps entirely impossible to pin down what it was about a man's conversation that made others laugh. Certainly the mere setting-down of witty sentences, epigrams, bons mots and paradoxes can convey very little of what it was that breathed life into words arranged neatly.

Briefly... The best five-shillings'-worth in current publishing is John Betjeman's Collected Poems. Puffins have issued a pretty selection of Poems by de la Mare, a poet I have always felt to be chillingly unsuitable for children—but on the other hand it is nice at any age to have the blood a little frozen without really understanding why. How profoundly, blackly melancholy and alarming he is; and why has no one included "I saw John Mouldy in his cellar," just about the most unnerving poem ever written?

# BOOKS STRIOL HUGH-JONES

CASSANDRA AT THE WEDDING BY DOROTHY BAKER (GOLLANCZ, 16s.) ANATOMY OF BRITAIN BY ANTHONY SAMPSON (HODDER & STOUGHTON, 35s.) DIANE DE POITIERS BY BARBARA CARTLAND (HUTCHINSON, 21s.) LIVES OF THE WITS BY HESKETH PEARSON (HEINEMANN, 30s.) COLLECTED POEMS BY JOHN BETJEMAN (MURRAY, 5s.) POEMS BY WALTER DE LA MARE (PUFFIN, 4s.)

### A wedding to avoid

SINCE FRANCES GLASS HAD HER NERVOUS BREAKdown, it comes as no surprise to anyone to find American female undergraduates in fiction in a state of total distress. The heroine and part-narrator of Cassandra at the Wedding by Dorothy Baker is an infinitely tiresome, exhaustingly intense twin who is returning home to her twin sister's wedding and once there decides to end it all with a bottle of sleeping pills. The trouble is the unbreakable bond that has always linked them and as far as Cassandra is concerned is of far greater importance than her sister's marriage to her honest doctor fiancé. Judith, the marrying twin, is a nice wholesome pianist, and the two of them-in Cassandra's imagination-have spent their childhood sitting at the feet of Socrates in the person of their drunken philosopher father. Mother is dead, granny is a dear old hearts-and-flowers character role, and the last supporting player is a faintly Lesbian analyst who mysteriously seems to be the unlucky Cassandra's doctor.

Seldom—and maybe this in fact is some recommendation for the character of the book—have I been so repelled by the nature of anyone in recent fiction as by Cassandra, a priggish, steamy, vampirish girl who believes in the total superiority of herself and her family and lacks charm to an

alarming degree. The climate of the book is that of a prolonged Turkish bath, and if you can stand Cassie, nothing in life holds terror for you. Never mind, the jacket tells us that Carson McCullers stayed up all night reading it and her usual bedtime, sensible lady, is 10 o'clock.

Anthony Sampson's Anatomy of Britain is going to be immensely popular with everyone who ever won prizes at the In and Out game. Written with a breathtaking self-assurance, it is the fruit of 18 months' work and concentrates on informing us about who the Management is and how it got there. Answers to vital questions of the day will be easily run to earth here, and anyone keen to find out who are London's three political hostesses or which bank has the fish-shaped dining-table will find the riveting information in these pages. At the end one is left with the sensation that follows a Chinese meal-an agreeable memory followed by a feeling of urgent hunger for something more solid.

Barbara Cartland's works of biography have so far included The Private Life of Charles II, The Outrageous Queen, The Scandalous Life of King Carol and Polly-My Wonderful Mother. To the list she now adds Diane de Poitiers, a cheery study of Henri II's mistress which emphasizes that lady's sensible insistence on daily cold baths and describes with enthusiasm the lovers' activities "sometimes on the bed, sometimes on a soft velvety rug stretched below the window." "There were moments of wild, uncontrollable passion," confides Miss Cartland, adding authoritatively "usually the love-play between Diane and Henri would last an hour or more.'

Miss Cartland, a confident chronicler of chunks of dialogue, knows well when "Diane drew in her breath—her lips parted" (Henri is meanwhile kissing the palm of her little hand, "his lips longingly passionate") and from time to time she becomes almost as carried away as the ecstatic monarch

# RECORDS GERALD LASGELLES

SCRAPBOOK OF BRITISH JAZZ; ECHOES OF CHICAGO BY ALEX WELSH DO THE BEAULIEU BY HUMPHREY LYTTELTON STUDY IN BROWN BY AL FAIRWEATHER & SANDY BROWN THE KENNY BALL SHOW BY KENNY BALL THE WALLIS COLLECTION BY BOB WALLIS

### Scrapbook from home

shame on me for overlooking an april release on Decca's Ace of Clubs—A Scrapbook of British Jazz (ACL1105)—which presents some of the most exciting and certainly the most historic records in the annals of jazz recorded in Britain. Starting with an Elizalde group which worked at the Savoy in 1927, I find to my delight that my colleague and erstwhile bass player Spike Hughes' band is featured in the original 1932 version of one of his most famous pieces, Six Bells Stampede. At this point in his career Spike was definitely the Ellington of England; his concentration on other interests was a great loss to our jazz scene.

These two names, plus Nat Gonella, must surely raise nostalgic thoughts in the minds of many older readers, while the younger generation will be heartened by the early efforts of Chris Barber, Alex Welsh, Mick Mulligan and Ken Colyer. For me the other significant tracks are George Chisholm's Rosetta, an obvious forerunner of the mainstream trend, George Shearing's brilliant piano solo recorded during the war, and George Webb's Dixielanders playing South. It would not be out of place to remind everyone that his band was the first to start the "trad" trend in 1946!

One of the most satisfying albums ever to be released by a British band is Alex Welsh's **Echoes of Chicago** (33SX1429). It demonstrates the *savoir-faire* which our own jazzmen have cultivated, and are now able to communicate to their audiences. The leader's trumpet is well backed by Archie Semple on clarinet, and Roy Crimmins on trombone, with Danny Moss's tenor invoking the sounds of Bud Freeman, surely one of the greatest Chicagoans.

Do the Beaulieu (SEG8163) is Humphrey Lyttelton's salutary reminder that our leading jazz festival is no more. It will, if present plans hold firm, take place next year at Manchester's Bellevue, where no doubt the minority of delinquents can conveniently be fed to the adjacent lions! This EP catches the band in its most lucid

form, with Ellington-influenced mainstream thought dominating the session. Caravan, a Kenny Graham effort, comes straight from the "Kasbah," and features Tony Cole's expressive clarinet.

Advancement of style has long been a keystone of the Fairweather-Brown allstars, whose **Study in Brown** (SEG8157) is yet another gem of British recorded jazz. The ingredients on this EP are West African folk, prewar pop, a twist-influenced original, and a modern blues translation, Golson's *Blues March*. It should be a test for any band, but they come through with effortless bouncing stride.

Both the Kenny Ball Show (NJL42) and The Wallis Collection (NJL41) are exuberant examples of the trad jazz we know so well. Kenny shows that the banjo part, here played by Paddy Lightfoot, need not consist solely of four random-strummed chords a bar. This live performance is a step forward for the band which is the strongest challenger to the persistent Bilk domination of the trad scene. Bob's collection has made other musical advances-Hugh Rainey transforms the rhythm section in some pieces by doubling on guitarand now features tenor or soprano saxophone in his front line. The signs of other times may be with us!

# CALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

5.000 YEARS OF EGYPTIAN ART ROYAL ACADEMY

### Surprises of Old Nile

GUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FOR PICCAiilly and the Royal Academy's Diploma
Galleries, there landed on my desk a copy
of the new edition of Professor E. H.
Gombrich's stimulating book Art and
Illusion (Phaidon, 40s.). It could not have
arrived at a better moment for, as much a
tyro as the next man where Egyptian art
is concerned, it gave me an interesting
"angle" on a subject which I was about to
approach without much sense of direction
and, I must admit, without a great deal of
enthusiasm.

Taking a quick look at the first few pages of the book I found, with surprise, a cartoon from *The New Yorker*. It showed a class of ancient-Egyptian art students making typical ancient-Egyptian, profile-cumfront-view drawings from an ancient-Egyptian model in a profile-cum-front-view pose. You know the sort of thing—a front-view eye in a profile face, the top half of the torso twisted to the front, the rest of the figure seen from the side—but have you ever wondered why it is like that?

No doubt it began with artists who lacked the skill to draw otherwise, but that it persisted for thousands of years during which artists developed masterly skill is a mystery. It became a convention (possibly with magical significance) comparable with the conventions of, say, Chinese landscape painting, or even British landscape painting before Constable. That it is so hard for us to take is largely the result of a still prevalent 19th-century idea of the history of art as a progression towards the creation of perfect illusions of reality.

I am, of course, paraphrasing Professor

Gombrich, who sent me on my way feeling that I knew all the answers to that one, if to nothing else about the Predynastic and Dynastic periods of Egyptian Art (not to mention the Graeco-Roman, the Coptic and the Islamic periods, all of which are covered by the exhibition). I figured that the earlier artists did not draw true profiles or true front views because they could not, and the later ones did not because it simply was not done.

Imagine my surprise, then, when arriving at exhibit No. 12, The battlefield palette, a relief carved on a piece of slate-like rock around 3,100 B.C., I found a procession of war prisoners, arms tied behind backs, effectively portrayed in profile. And imagine again how the mystery deepened when I reached exhibit No. 78, a relief from the tomb of Neferseshempsamtik (Who he? as Ross of The New Yorker would have asked). It dates back a mere 2,300 years and shows the aforesaid late gentleman distributing necklaces to a number of comely young maidens, one of whom is struggling so hard to get into a full profile position that she has dislocated one of her shoulders. Or is it simply that the artist was not quite clever enough? I wonder.

But there are many objects of far greater wonder here, most of them from Cairo museums. The qualities of formal power and grandeur in so much Egyptian sculpture are great enough to make themselves felt even through photographs. It comes as something of an eye-opener, however, at least to me, to find any emotional content in it. Yet it is present as early as 1850 B.C. in a grey granite head of careworn King Sesostris III (No. 41) and in the noble Heads of three prisoners (No. 44), a work that must surely have been known to Epstein before he made his famous figure Night. It is present again, in a different form, in the amazingly sensuous Figure of a noble lady (No. 63), a limestone carving of about 1350 B.C. in which the subtlest curves of the body are lovingly caressed by a tightfitting pleated dress of striking modernity.

There is room for wonder, too, in many of the later things; in the miraculously enduring electric blue of a faience plaque 3,200 years old, in the many pieces of 3,000-year-old jewellery that look as if they might just have come from a Bond Street shop, in the realism of an 1,800-year-old mummy portrait whose superb state of preservation is due to the practice of placing such portraits over the faces of mummies, where they were held in place by the bandages!

Family group of Kaemhesit in the Royal Academy exhibition of Egyptian Art





**IPFRA** 

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### Italianate Eliot

A NUMBER OF OPERAS DERIVE FROM PLAYS—one thinks of *Tosca* and *Figaro*—and for the last new production of the current season the Sadler's Wells company mounted Ildebrando Pizzetti's version of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. It is amusing, in a perverse sort of way, to see how Eliot's drama of moral problems and the individual conscience has been reduced to the good old formula of religion and blood characteristic of 19th-century Italian opera. One feels that it was only an unfortunate oversight that denied any love interest. Clearly, the

evocative and often surrealistic choruses of the original are attractive to a composer, but the pivotal scenes are necessarily truncated. The sermon on Christmas Day is represented by an intermezzo and the scene in which the knights justify their murder of the Archbishop is odd here.

Musically we have been here before. Pizzetti's work is hardly modern in the Henze-Britten-Tippett sense; the opera was first heard in 1958, but it could well have been 1908. The swooning strings (especially in the intermezzo à la Melachrino) underlined by luscious horn chords; the impressive tapestry of the choruses; the soaring soprano solos; *Tosca* run to seed. It is easy listening, but the only moments of genuine excitement came during the choruses as when priests intone the *Dies Irae* against women's voices and a boys'

 $Don\ Garrard\ as\ Thomas\ \grave{a}\ Becket$ 

choir, in the tradition of *Tosca*, *Cav & Pag*. Colin Davis conducted and seemed to be pushing the tempo. This was wise; had the music dragged boredom would have showed itself, instead of lurking behind Ralph Koltai's splendid set. The performance, especially by the chorus, and Basil Coleman's production were on a high level.

Earlier the English Opera Group brought their production of Britten's *Albert Herring* to Sadler's Wells for three performances. It was the first professional production London has seen for 13 years, and one can only conclude that somebody, somewhere along the line, is mad. *Albert Herring* should be as familiar as *Carmen*. It is a witty and often poignant work which should be taken into the Wells repertory.



Impress them with a handsome lipstick case filled with a brilliant hunk of new colour. Estée Lauder has merged French Peach—a fabulous mix-up of glowing pinky orange.

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Newest way to follow through on Femme— Marcel Rochas have made their femme fatale scent in a talc version to fluff on after the bath. Guerlain have a new way of supplementing L'Heure Bleu or Mitsouko—spray it on with their new atomizer cologne bottle which includes an easy-to-fix atomizer top. 43s. for the complete thing, bottle alone: 27s. 6d.

In just three days' time this stunning new Spray Mist will be in the shops. Yardley have wisely made it so the scent level is on view. They are all out-and-out flower girl essences: Freesia, April Violets and Lavender.

Matching accessory for an expensive scent is an equally pricey spray. Lalique make this hunk of French crystal with its gilded top: £11 15s. 0d. from the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company, Old Bond Street.

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

AT A SALE OF ENGLISH PORCELAIN IN LONDON this year, 158 lots realized £35,673, an average of over £225 for each piece. A Chelsea milk jug which in 1866 was sold for £8 increased in value in the intervening years until at this sale it fetched £1,350, £950 having been paid for the same milk jug in 1955. Noteworthy too was the bid of £700 for a Bow shepherd which in 1947 fetched £140 and a Chelsea seal in the form of a dog which only in April last year was bought for £72 and now was knocked down for £230. The question of relative prices is always an intriguing one and the Chelsea head of a boy in white glaze which com-



manded the top price of £2,000 was no exception for this was sold at auction in 1949 for £640

After the sale I chased Captain Ernest Woollett to his showrooms at 59/61 Wigmore Street, to ask him why it was that such spectacular increases in the prices paid for porcelain had taken place. He, incidentally, had earlier paid £920 for a Worcester applegreen mask jug. His answer was that during the last few years more and more collectors have been attracted to English porcelain; a keener interest is being shown by the younger generation, who have a greater opportunity to study the subject as textbooks (brought thoroughly up-to-date) on the various English potteries are readily available. Museums in London and the provinces have had special exhibitions showing examples of work from the various English Potteries such as Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, Derby, Plymouth and Bristol.

It is well known that a number of English porcelain models were inspired by designs from Continental and Oriental potters, while some of the earlier pieces owe their origin to silver designers and modellers. The rare Bow group, left, circa 1750, was inspired by an engraving of the goddess Ki Mao Sao by Jean-Antoine Watteau and resembles, in colour and design, the porcelain of the famous French factory of Chantilly. This group was potted at the Bow factory by a modeller known in collecting circles as "The Muses' Modeller." Full of interest also is the rare Bow Coffee Pot and cover, right, modelled and decorated in rococo style and bearing the impressed mark of a famous potter at the Bow factory, who put his mark incised in the base, "Tebo." Only two examples of this model are known.

All the pieces illustrated in this article



were on show at the recent International Art Treasures Exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum and were exhibited there by Charles Woollett & Son who also supplied me with the miniatures that I showed in The Tatler on 11 April.

## DINING IN

Helen Burke

THE REFRIGERATOR TO BE FOUND IN MOST kitchens can be, if used as a cold-larder chef would use it, of the greatest help to any woman who spends much of her time preparing food. No one wants food which has rested for days in cold storage, but eatables bought in first-class condition and correctly stored for a day or two before being cooked are another matter.

One tends to think that everyone who owns a refrigerator knows how to use it. So it came as something of a shock the other day when an intelligent woman executive asked me, "Don't you think that it ruins cooked meat to put it in the refrigerator?" After carefully questioning her, I discovered that she had popped her joint straight into it without a cover of any kind. The result was that, in 24 hours, it was hard and dry and had lost its succulence. When I explained the need for covering everything, leaving just a small opening for ventilation and suggested that polythene bags were ideal, she remarked that there must be many others who did not know of this important detail and added "Tell them, please."

Another complaint was that the evaporator in her refrigerator became frosted up in a day or two. I pointed out that here, again, uncovered foods were to blame or foods which were not quite cold when placed in the cabinet or—probably the main cause of frosting-up—the unnecessary leaving-open of the door for too long a time. Warm

air flowing from the kitchen into the cabinet meets the cold air inside, condenses on the evaporator, and frosting occurs.

Experienced users of refrigerators will forgive me telling them what they obviously know, in the interests of the uninformed. For example, that a table jelly (like other foods) should be covered and that the perfume of uncovered bananas, melon and pineapple, pleasant in itself, becomes a smell in the cabinet and permeates everything else in it. If you need to chill a melon or a pineapple, tie and double tie it in a strong airtight polythene bag so that it does not contaminate its neighbours.

About the opening and shutting of the door: have everything on a table within arm's reach, put it into the cabinet as quickly as possible and close the door. The less the door is opened, the better.

I store unusual foods in screw-capped jars in my refrigerator, in addition to so-called perishables. For instance cereals, which otherwise tend to attract mites, ground coffee and coffee beans; shelled nuts which, without cold storage, are apt to become rancid very quickly. These last remain fresh for a very long time. Indeed, I bought pistachios in the south of France in the first year after the war, and kept them in the refrigerator for over five years. When I came to the last of them, they were as fresh and good as when they first went in.

Mention of these nuts reminds me that

Cold comfort

before the war I used to make Pistachio Frozen Cream. Today it is more or less of academic interest, the nuts being so expensive. Here, however, is a recipe for PISTACHIO-APRICOTICE CREAM which is attractive in both texture and appearance. The green of the nuts adds a pleasant contrast to the orange-yellow of the apricots.

Before you start operations, have the refrigerator turned to really cold. Halve  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of apricots and remove the stones. Break them with a nut-cracker and take out the kernels. Pour boiling water over them and peel skins. Chop the kernels roughly. Remove the skins from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 oz. of pistachios. Chop the nuts but leave them apart.

Poach the apricots and their kernels in a syrup made with a cup of water and 2 to 3 oz. of sugar. When the apricots are soft and most of the syrup is absorbed, rub them through a sieve and leave them to become cold. Whip a pint of double cream until the whisk, when drawn through it, leaves a slight trail. Add the chopped pistachios, then gradually beat in the apricot purée. Taste, and if the apricots are a little on the sour side, work in a little icing sugar. The kernels should have given the apricots their pleasant (kernel) flavour. If this is not pronounced enough, a drop of almond essence will help. Turn the mixture into the freezing tray and freeze it overnight. An hour or so before the ice cream is served, remove to a less cold part of refrigerator.

MOTORING

### At home with the Saah



IN SWEDEN THE OTHER DAY I DID AS THE SWEDES do-many of them-and drove a Swedish car, a Saab. Its good points show up better than ever in its native land, where the roads can be very good or exceedingly bad. With thousands of miles to maintain and comparatively few owners to pay for them, no wonder that away from the towns there is precious little money to spare for highgrade surfacing. But the scenery is magnificent and if one's car will give a smooth ride over the sometimes pot-holey gravel there is no finer country than Sweden for a motor tour.

Saabs build with full knowledge of their own requirements, of course, and they are well aware of what the rest of the world wants; hence the imposing extent of their export business. One side which should interest us is the amount of British-made material that goes into their car: Girling brakes, for instance, and gearboxes, wheels, carburettors and fuel pumps, steering gears and steering wheels; these are just a few of the items. But the engine is very much their own individual design; with three cylinders working on the two-stroke principle the engine has the smoothness of a normal type six-cylinder when it is pulling a load. Admittedly it is not so good when idling, because the well-known hit-andmiss inherent in two-strokes at such times is rather prominent, but the moment one gets the car under way the engine purrs like a contented cat. Advantages are that there are no valves or valve gear; a twostroke engine is about as simple and foolproof as possible. The Saab goes untiringly on at full throttle as long as the road permits speeds of 65 to 70 m.p.h. The latter figure is about its limit, but bear in mind that its engine is only of 850 c.c. and the car is built not so much for lightness as for rugged stability, and weighs rather more than 15 cwt. This is all to the good when it comes to tackling those gravel roads; it

strides over them in a way that no ultralightweight car could do and deserves very fully its makers' claim to be a "sure-footed family car with sports car spirit." One excellent feature is that the floor is flat. because the front-mounted engine drives the front wheels. The three-speed gearbox has synchro-mesh on the two upper ratios, and altogether this latest Saab struck me as being not only sound and well thought out, but possessing remarkable performance and a definite charm of its own. It holds four people in comfort plus a good deal of luggage, yet is thoroughly economical to run if driven with reasonable care—on my trip of several hundred miles I averaged just on 43 miles to the gallon. Here in Britain the Saab 96 costs £826 inclusive of purchase tax and there is a widespread chain of distributors and service depots.

Motorists going abroad for a tour will find it useful on future occasions if they cover the same route, or part of it, to turn up a log book and see how long it took them this time. Some years ago I devised a sheet for recording mileages, times, stopping places and so forth that I have since found invaluable for planning further trips; I will be pleased to send a specimen sheet on request. Also, as a handy means of checking on petrol consumption, I have made use of the "Telu key kaddy," made by Toppers of 21 Osborne Road, Northampton, price 7s. 6d., a key ring with built-in mileage recorder and holders for two sixpences for parking meters. If visiting France bear in mind that most large towns nowadays have a zone bleue in the congested centre where it is necessary to display a disque through the windscreen which shows when the car was parked and the hour by which it must be removed. These disques are obtainable from garages, and I advise motorists when first filling up in France to inquire whether one is available; they are usually

given away as advertising propaganda.

Another useful accessory for touring is a headrest for the passenger beside the driver, and one I have used with satisfaction is made by the Key-Leather Co., of London, E.9, priced at 49s. 6d. The same firm also makes a bin to rest on the car's floor and hold all those bits and pieces of waste which otherwise litter the inside; this only costs 14s. 6d., and has sand-weighted flaps to hold it firmly upright on either a flat or a tunnelled floor. Items of this nature make all the difference to the pleasure of longdistance touring by car.

Top: A Saab 96 alongside Lake Vattern in Sweden. Below: The new K-L head-rest which costs 49s. 6d.





Miss Ann Lloyd to Mr. John Gordon Stow: She is the daughter of Ald. & Mrs. Stephen Lloyd, Farquhar Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Stow, of Horris Hill, Newbury, Berks



Miss Janet Anderson to Mr. St. Hippolyte Francis Grigg: She is the daughter of the late Major G. G. B. Anderson, & Mrs. P. G. Upcher, Quorn, Leicestershire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. T. S. Grigg of Les Marches, Biot, France





Miss Caroline Hubbard to Mr. David Curtis-Bennett: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tatlock Hubbard, Somerby House, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire. He is the son of the late Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., and Mrs. David Pollock, of The Old Rectory, Wiggonholt, Sussex



Miss Hazel Osborne to Mr. Charles Byford: She is the daughter of Sir Cyril Osborne, M.P., and Lady Osborne, of Kinchley House, Rothley, Leicestershire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. Byford, Thurcaston Grange, Leicester



Miss Olivia Odell to Mr. Charles Bishop: She is the daughter of Mr. Robert Odell, of East 58th Street, New York, and of Mrs. Paul Hackworth-Jones, Walford House, Smarden. He is the son of Major G. Bishop of Barton Abbot.s, Tetbury, and Mrs. C. Tremayne of Easton Grey, Malmesbury







Robertson-Saunders: Susan Argyll, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. I. A. Robertson, Brackla House, Nairn, Scotland, was married to Capt. David George Bannerman Saunders, son of Lt.-Col. H. B. W. Saunders, of Southwick Place, W.2, and the late Mrs. Saunders, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Peters-Gates: Susan Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Denys Peters, of High View Road, Guildford, was married to Wyatt Christopher John, son of Lt.-Col. W. B. V. H. P. & Mrs. Gates, of Eastbury Manor, Compton, Surrey, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Compton



Whittington-Moë-Bagnell: Caroline Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Whittington-Moë, of St. Peter, Jersey, C.I., was married to Capt. William David Armstrong Bagnell, son of the late Capt. R. A. Bagnell, and of Mrs. Bagnell, of Longdown Chase, Hindhead, Surrey. Pages were the Master of Leslie, Rupert Lea and Richard McAlpine. The child bridesmaids were Fiona and Diana Maclellan, Emily Dashwood,

Georgina Clarkson Webb and Lucinda Mackworth-Young, and the best man was the bridegroom's brother, Capt. Robert Charles Bagnell, Queen's Own Hussars. The wedding was at St. Margaret's, Westminster

## MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

### 19th-century package deals

SOME TIME AGO I STARTED A COLLECTION OF early 19th-century packaging. I began with a china Balkan Sobranie box which originally contained 100 cigarettes "made of the Finest Yenidje Tobacco." That cost a few shillings in the Portobello Road, and a few weeks later I added a Bear's Grease Pomade jar. As all collectors must, I started to define the principles on which the collection was to be made—it was to depend exclusively on the charm and verbosity of the label which must be printed in black on white paper or

The collection forms an entrée to the world of our great-grandfathers, who were apparently chronic snobs and hypochondriacs, of an acutely suspicious yet gullible turn of mind. Snobs, because nothing could persuade them to buy a product without the assurance that a Royal Duke had patronized it. Hypochondriacs to a man, suffering from nervous affections and biliary obstructions. Suspicious of necessity, since impostors were always trying to fob off with some other product that lacked the signature of its manufacturer.

What brilliant advertising one finds on these labels. Cocoas are "grateful and comforting," Bay Rhum "renders the hardest waters soft and cleansing." Butterscotch was "supplied by permission (and to no other party was the same granted) to the Queen and Royal Family on their visit to Doncaster in 1851 ... and extensively patronized by the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry." It was at this point that I began to cheat. At first I had confined myself to original 19th-century packaging. But this butterscotch I bought in 1962, still in a facsimile of the original wrapper and made by S. Parkinson & Son, of Brooke Street, Doncaster. The Dandelion Cocoa and Universities Toilet Club ashtrays in the picture are also modern reproductions and available from the General Trading Company in Sloane Street at about 4s. 6d.

After the butterscotch, it became even more interesting to track down products on sale today in their original package. Sadly enough, there are all too few. I chanced on a bottle of Everett's Premier Blacking in Lobb's shop in St. James's Street. The bottle is the sort one can imagine Charles Dickens applying labels to when he was a child. It bones up to a "brilliant polish" when applied to wax calf riding boots. This survival can be had for

The jars in which Fribourg & Treyer purvey their snuff are a great joy to me. Their finely engraved label uses 75 words to set out the impressive credentials, and tells us that they are "Importers of Oriental Segars" and "Tobacconists and Purveyors of Foreign Snuff to Their Majesties The Kings of Hanover and Belgium, their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge & Duchess of Kent."

There remain the chemists' labels, with their copperplate instructions and the Original Lea and Perrins Worcestershire Sauce bottle. Lock & Co., Hatters of St. James's Street, still sell hats in a box with a finely designed label. Penhaligon, Court Hairdressers & Perfumers of 25 Bury Street, still sell their celebrated Eau de Hammam and Bayolea in a handsome bottle. And of course there are the cigar boxes, with their fine gold medals of past Expositions. I only hope that any manufacturer with a label or trademark that is a direct survival of a century ago will not let himself be easily persuaded to change it for something that is merely eye-catching.





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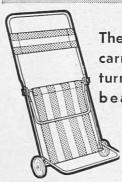
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